

January 21, 1988

Dear Mom,

So sorry to be a bit remiss in my correspondence these days. Since the March On Washington I've been involved in an ever increasing series of activities. I've joined an AIDS activist group called "ACT UP" (AIDS Coalition To Unleash Power). I am in the process of forming the Lesbian/Gay Archives of San Diego. And I am a member of the Host Committee that will make local preparations for bringing the AIDS Memorial Quilt to San Diego in April. (By the way, the Quilt will be in Baltimore in June and I hope that you will make every effort to see it.) All of these things take a lot of time and energy, leaving little for letter writing.

Well, we are still ankle-deep in debris after the near-hurricane strength storm that passed through San Diego last weekend. I've enclosed some newspaper clippings about the damage. My little place came through fairly unscathed except for a power outage that lasted 36 hours. My refrigerator needed defrosting anyhow. The candle holder that you gave me a few years ago came in very handy.

Bryan and Christine are the proud parents of a 5 lb, 8 oz girl. She is Brenea Christine, very tiny, and doing fine. I gave her a white lacy receiving blanket with matching, dress and bonnet, and a "Prestige" set of US mint coins commemorating the bicentennial of the US Constitution. They are 1987 coins and I would have preferred to give her coins that were minted in the year of her birth, but she made her entrance on January 3, 1988. But I decided to give them to her anyhow, because she was conceived in 1987, the year of the 200th birthday of the Constitution.

If you watch even a smattering of TV, by now you know that the Superbowl is being played here in San Diego on January 31st. That's more than a week away and already I've got Superbowl-itis. To give you an idea of how overrun San Diego will be, the car rental agencies will be importing 14,000 extra cars for the week prior to the big game. The airport will be impassable, all hotels & motels are booked, a massive party is planned for the gas lamp district downtown that is expected to spill over into Seaport Village. We natives should either stay safely in our homes or get the hell out of town. My ACT UP group is considering doing a white-face "die in" at the stadium that day to focus attention on government foot-dragging on the testing of promising new anti-AIDS drugs. We'll never have a bigger audience, but there are a lot of logistical problems with getting into and out of crowd of that magnitude. So, we'll see...

I am making a memorial panel that will become part of the AIDS quilt to honor my buddy, Ray, who died in September 1986. It will be 3 x 6 feet and depict a huge sun (representing the life force) setting on a calm blue sea (earth's nurturing waters). His name will be written in dark blue letters across the gold sun, while in gold letters against the blue sea will be the words, "Your smile still lights our hearts". Across the bottom of the panel will be the dates of his birth and death in smaller black letters...and maybe even a unicorn (his favorite). I'm in a rush to get it done, as it must be in San Francisco by February 15th, if it is to be included in the Quilt when it comes to San Diego. I'll try to take a picture of it when it is finished and send you a copy.

I hope you are getting through the winter without too much hardship. Even with the colder-and-wetter-than-usual weather here, we are still much better off than the rest of the nation...and darn grateful.

Much love to you,  
Bob